

Maggie Blough
Theray Blough

IT IS NOT THE WILL OF YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

THE CHILD AT HOME

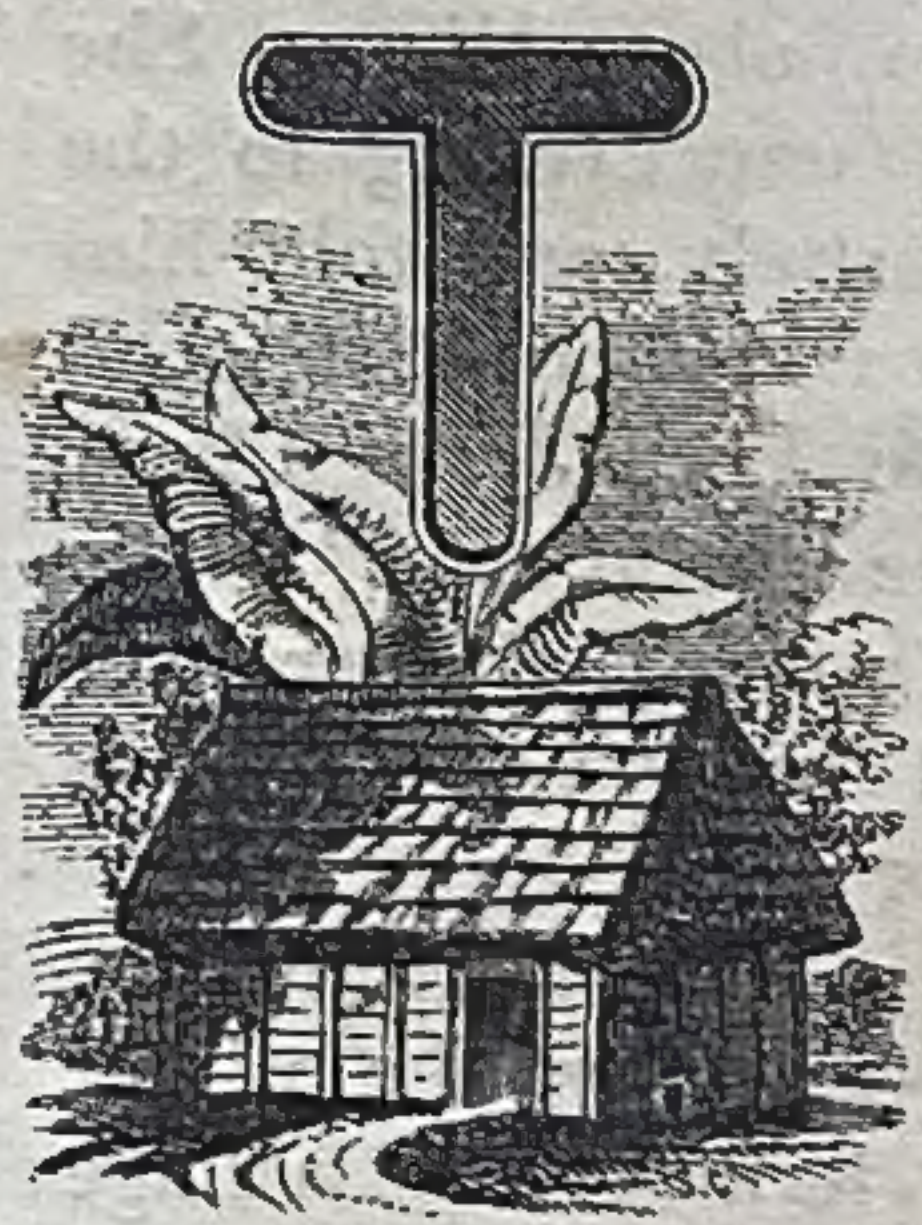
THAT ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES SHOULD PERISH.

VOL. XIII. No. 3.]

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[MARCH, 1872.

BOBBY THE POSTBOY.



THIS boy's name is Bobby. He was named Robert by his parents, and they wrote it down in the great family Bible, but they never called him so. He was a charming, fat little baby, and everybody liked him. The nurse began to call him Bobby, and then mamma and papa followed, until every one in the house did the same.

Last Christmas he had some presents, and among them was a tin trumpet. How he liked it! And how he did blow it! It was too much for the older people, and they told him to go out of the house. When he went into the front yard the first man he met was the postman, who had a number of letters for Bobby's papa. Bobby took them, and went back to the house blowing his trumpet louder than ever. He blew louder and louder, until Anna came to the door to see what was the matter. Anna was the maid, and Bobby gave the letters to her. After that he went out every pleasant day to meet the postman, and get the letters, and when he blows his trumpet at the house now, Anna knows what it means, and hurries to the door.

Bobby thinks he is doing some good, by carrying the letters, and I am not sure but he is useful. I guess, however, that he cares more to make a noise with his trumpet than to be of any use. Perhaps when he grows up he will change in this, and will care more to do good to others than to enjoy himself. He will if he is a generous boy, will he not?

But although often lonely, and tired of playing by herself, this lovely little girl would never tease her mother to let her go and visit other children, or let them come to visit her. She lived in the country, and there were no children very near her parents' house. The house nearest to them had been vacant for some time, and one day, when she was about five years old, she came running into her mother's room, after a walk with her nurse, saying, —

very happy together, and then Lily was taken sick and died. The last thing she said was, "Jesus, take thy little lamb." And the Good Shepherd took her to himself.

Amy grieved so much at the death of her little playmate, and seemed so quiet and sad, that her mother took her a short journey, to reside for a time where there were other children. But although she would play at times, yet she seemed most inclined to sit down by her mother and talk about Lily. One day her mother said, "Now, my dear, go out and play; you are in the house quite too much."

"Yes, mamma, I will go," replied Amy, as she rose to join her nurse who stood just outside the door.

"Dear little pet! Don't you want to go?" said her nurse.

"Yes; I want to go, because mamma wants me to; but I would rather stay by her." So thoughtful was she of her mother's wishes.

One day, having stood silently by the window for some time, she turned around suddenly, and said, "Mamma, I know why God didn't let Lily live, when I asked Him to, so many times."

"Well, dear?" said her mother, inquiringly.

"Because He wanted her so much. I think He loved her so much that He wanted to make her always happy; but He didn't want to grieve us; because it says, 'He does not afflict willingly.' And, mamma, I'm going to try and not grieve so much, so as not to make you unhappy."

Amy still lives, and is happy in making her parents and others happy. M. P. H.



GOD WANTED HER.

A TRUE STORY.



MY STANLEY was her mother's only child, and a very sweet-tempered little girl she was, readily yielding to her parents' wishes, and obeying them promptly in all things. She had not always been their only child; for she once had a little sister, who died before she could remember her. Many were the questions she would ask about this little sister, and often would she say, "O mamma, I wish she had lived; she would have been such a dear little playmate for me."

"O, mamma, there's such a dear little girl come to live next door, just my age. She spoke to me, and asked my name, and I asked her to come and see me, and she said, 'I will, if your mamma will let me; because my mamma will let me, for she said she would if it would be pleasant to your mamma.' You will let her, I know, mamma."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Stanley; "I intend to call very soon on Mrs. Burton, and then Lily shall come and see you. She is a very good little girl, I hear, and such as I would like for a companion to my little daughter."

After this these little girls became friends, and loved each other dearly. For a year they were

en who are sacrificing time and talents to their great work.

Not long ago I heard of a little incident which occurred to a New England lady who had been teaching for some time at Harper's Ferry.

Near her school was a high hill, which in her daily rambles she often climbed, and on one occasion she attempted to explore a rocky, precipitous part, up which she could climb, but which was extremely dangerous to descend.

She was mounting with difficulty, and was about to place her hand on a projecting ledge of rock above, to assist in the ascent, when, just in time, she saw coiled in that very spot, — a rattlesnake!

THE ESCAPE.

BY ROSE WINN.



YOU are all interested in the teachers of the Freedmen, those noble-hearted men and women who are sacrificing time and talents to their

There the hideous creature lay, coil on coil, his poisonous breath almost brushing her cheek: clinging to the rock she turned faint and cold with terror. What could she do?

To descend would be well-nigh impossible, to ascend she must step upon that ledge; in either case she would be stepping into the jaws of death.

No human being was within hearing, and she dared not move, lest the reptile should spring upon her. For one dreadful moment she closed her eyes, calling upon God for help.

When she looked up, to her inexpressible relief the snake was crawling away.

Thus, as we are toiling up the rugged path of life, our way seems often beset with crosses on every side. Sometimes we seem so shut in by impending trouble that there seems no possible way of escape; as we look forward we can see only threatening disasters. But we know if we let go our hold on the Rock of Ages we are lost, and clinging with both hands to that, we can only stand still and call on God, remembering that "He will not tempt us above what we are able to bear, but with the temptation will also make a way of escape."

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1872.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

THE PASSOVER.



WHSOEVER read the December paper must remember two pictures on the last page, and that I asked the boys and girls to tell me what they represented. I received a number of replies. But descriptions of the pictures in previous papers still come in, and I must mention one from Willie H. Camp, in Waukeshaw, Wisconsin, who is only eight years old. He prints a long account of Daniel and his friends, and ends with these words: "I think if boys want to be good-looking they must let wine alone." Daniel was, however, not only good-looking, but wise and good, and I think a drunkard cannot be either the one or the other.

There is a little girl named Vander Linden, away out on the rich prairies of Iowa, who has written several letters to me. First, she wrote that she thought, like some others, that the picture of Daniel represented the Rechabites. When she found that she was mistaken, she wrote a good-natured note, in which she said she thought Daniel was not dressed well enough in the picture, and did not look as though he was in a palace, and was more like a boy than a man. She made a very good argument, I assure you, and I am glad she knew enough about the Bible to be able to make it. Still, I think the picture represented Daniel and his friends pretty well.

Now she writes correctly about the December pictures. She says: "It is the Passover of the Lord in Egypt, which is described in the twelfth chapter of Exodus, where the Lord commands Moses and Aaron to tell the children of Israel that on the tenth day of the first month, which is our March, they should every man take a lamb for his house, a lamb without blemish, and kill it on the fourteenth day of the same month. They were to take of the blood of the lamb and strike it upon the two side posts and upper door-posts of the house in which they should eat it. And that they should eat the flesh roast with fire, and with unleavened bread. They should eat it, as you see in the picture, with their loins girt, their shoes on their feet, their staffs in hand, and in haste. It was about 3,371 years ago."

Very well. This lamb was to represent Jesus, who was without spot or blemish, and who was sacrificed for the sins of the world, and whose blood was shed to cleanse us from sin.

It is not too late to get new subscribers for our papers. While I write, the subscribers' names are coming much faster than they did a year ago. We are very much pleased indeed.

HAVE you seen *Apples of Gold*? It is published every week, for the youngest readers, and is much liked. Four times a year it has a fine large chromatic picture on the first page.

THE *National Family Almanac*, published by this Society for twenty cents, is good all the year round. If any have not received it, they can send in twenty cents, and it will be sent.

A FAITHFUL MOTHER.



THIS picture shows us a scene that is plainly not in America. It is in Strasbourg. Do you know where Strasbourg is? Perhaps some of you remember reading about it last year, when there was such a terrible war in Europe. There is a wonderful clock there too, and a picture of that was in this paper a few months ago.

Do you see the great bird in the picture? What a long bill it has! Now if you were to walk through the streets of Strasbourg you might see curious roofs on the houses, with several rows of windows looking out of them, and, above all, chimneys. And such chimneys! On the top of them would be a queer bedding of straw, and on that a big bird, more queer than his nest, with a long thin bill, a short tail, and two legs longer and thinner than his bill. You would say: "What curious ornaments people put on their houses here!" But he would not stand as still as an ornament all the time. While you watched he would stretch out his enormous wings, — his head would be thrown back on his body, and he would rise slowly and majestically into the air. After he had flown a little while, you might see him drop gracefully into the street, and take a fish or something else from the gutter by the market, and carry it up to feed his young ones in the nest on the chimney.

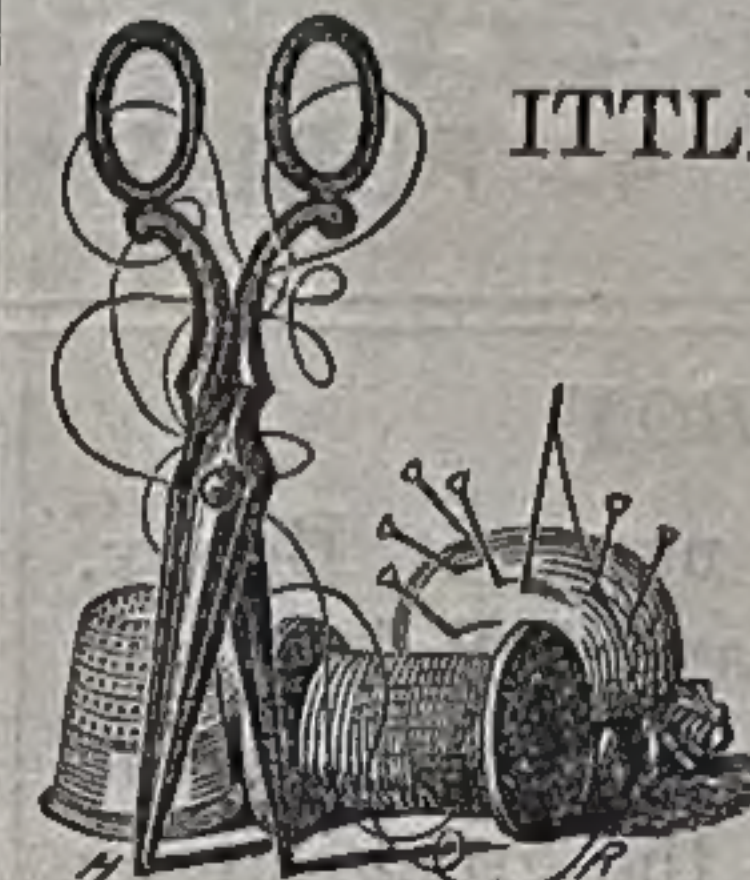
This bird is the Stork, and is not found in this country or in England. We may learn some lessons from him. He has an excellent character. He is a pattern of goodness to parents, and kindness to children, and he never forgets a kindness done to him. He is so useful that in German cities the people put a frame on the chimney so that the bird may find it more convenient.

I have read all this in a book, and there is a story there of a stork that had a nest on a chimney that took fire. There were four young storks in the nest, and they could not fly. The poor mother was very much troubled as the smoke threatened to strangle her little ones, and the heat became greater and greater. She could not carry them away, they were so big, and she could not throw them down,

for that would surely kill them. So she flew back and forth, flapping her great wings over the nest and thus gave them fresh air to breathe. When the burning soot began to fall, she covered the young ones with her wings, and let it fall on her. The people below came up to help the devoted mother, but one of her wings was almost burnt away before she and her young were saved. You see her in the picture. She lived long and was always infirm, but the people took good care of her. The children in the picture are very much pleased to see the poor bird take the meat that has been prepared for her.

It is very pleasant to think of people who are kind to animals, and I think the German people are very kind.

SUSY'S WORK.



LITTLE Susy Sanborn was trying very hard to be a Christian. She was only nine years old, but she loved the Saviour, and wanted to obey Him. She had been one evening to the minister's study, and told him all her heart; and that good man had assured her that the Lord Jesus Christ would not turn away any of the "little ones" whom He loved so well, and that He would help her over all the hard places. He told her, too, that it was her duty to do all she could for Him.

The next Monday morning the winter term of the village school began. Susy was up early, to get herself and her two little sisters ready; for her mother was sick, and she wanted to help all she could. She did not see that she was already beginning to do something for Christ, by this small labor of love.

The thought uppermost in her mind was to tell her school-mates that she hoped she was a Christian; and then she wanted to do some great thing for Christ, to show that she was one of his servants. The older people were always speaking about their "work;" and the pastor often preached about it. She wondered what hers would be.

But first, she must tell all the girls. So with her satchel strapped over her shoulders, and leading the two smaller sisters by the hand, she started off. The street was full of children all going the same way. The school-bell begun to ring before she was half way up the hill, but tugging the little ones, she hurried on, crying, "O, stop a minute girls, I have something to tell you." And upon that, half a dozen of them came running back to meet her.

"O, girls," said Susy, "I am going to be a Christian. The minister says I am old enough. I am trying now!"

At this, most of the girls looked sober, and stared at her, as if she had undergone some outward change. One, Jenny Lee, came up and kissed her. The others walked along quietly with her, except one bold, black-eyed girl, who ran on ahead as fast as she could, calling to those who were about the school-house door, "Girls, girls! girls and boys! see here! Susy Sanborn is going to be a Christian! O, Christian Sanborn! Kit Sanborn!" and then a great shout went up all round.



Susy's eyes filled with tears, and she would have turned and run home, but Jenny put her arm around her, and whispered, "Don't mind it, Susy. It's mean in them to do so. But mother says when people are Christians, they can forgive."

"Why, so they can," said Susy, drying her eyes, "I won't care;" and with a brave air she walked in with Jenny. The school was about opening, and so she could take her seat without hearing anything more. The teacher read a chapter where the Saviour bids his followers to forgive, and Susy thought she could do it, and there would be no more trouble.

But presently the same rude girl wrote on her slate in large letters, "Kit Sanborn," and when the master's back was turned, held it up so that all the scholars could see it. Worse than that, at the boys' recess, she could hear it called out all over the grounds, till her heart was ready to break with grief. She did not dare to go out when the girls' recess came, but covered her eyes up with her book, and tried not to think about it. She could not study, and there was a prospect of a black mark, in addition to the rest.

When school closed she was weeping bitterly, for she was both wretched and angry; she had a quick temper, and she determined that she *never* would speak to one of them again.

The teacher saw it, and came and heard her pitiful story.

"And I wanted so much," said Susy, "to do something for the Saviour. And now I never can."

"See here, my little girl," he said, "here is just the place to do something for Him."

"For Him?" cried Susy, opening her eyes very wide.

"Just the place, and the way, and the time. He has given you some work, at once. Now can you do it and *will* you?"

Susy's tears stopped flowing in a minute, and "What do you mean?" she asked.

"If a little girl can keep from saying angry words, when she is terribly provoked, if she can treat her school-mates kindly, when they are talking about her very badly, she is doing *just what* the Saviour wants her to."

"O, is *that* my work?" cried the eager child.

"That is *just* your work. Now begin to do it."

Susy could understand this, and she tried so hard, and succeeded so well, that before spring, the scholars often said to each other, "Susy Sanborn don't get put out with us now. I am sure she *must* be a Christian."

KIRKLAND.

BESSIE AND GRIM PETER.



WHAT a sweet little girl! Her name is Bessie. She has a pitcher of broth in her arms, and she has walked through the snow all the way from her warm home to the house where "Ugly old Peter," as the children called him, is lying in bed suffering from a broken leg.

There is snow on the ground, and I am sure Bessie is cold. See, her feet are nearly covered with the snow. She pitied poor old Peter, but was almost afraid to go to his house. Her mamma encouraged her, and away she went.

The pitcher became heavy, and the broth very cold before she got to the end of her walk. She knocked very gently, but Peter heard her, and put-

ting up his head, with a white cap on it, said,—"Lift up the latch and come in, whoever ye be!"

"In came the little maid into the room,
Like sunshine itself to lighten the gloom;
And the cross old miller, so grim for years,
Smiled till his eyes ran over with tears!"

Then the little robin,—do you see him on the window-sill,—seemed to sing

"Merciful children shall be blessed be!"

When Bessie was in the room she put the broth on the fire to warm, and sat down to read to grim Peter from the Bible. It was Christmas Day, and we all know whose birth we celebrate then.

Bessie had a Sunday-school lesson about the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, and she read that. Peter looked as mild and happy as if he had never been cross in his life, and thanked Bessie many times, when she stopped reading. For the broth was hot, and she poured it out for Peter to eat. He said he



never had had so nice a dinner before, and that made Bessie ever so happy. Bessie never loved the Bible so much either, as she did after she had read it to Peter, and had made him so happy.

So Bessie had made herself happy, and had done a good deed to a poor man. Could she have employed her Christmas Day better?

THE BOY WITH A BLACK EYE.—"Harry, where did you get that black eye?" said a school-teacher, one day, to a sprightly-looking boy.

"I would rather not tell you, sir," replied the boy firmly, but with a respectful manner.

"But I wish to know," said the teacher.

"Excuse me, sir, but I cannot tell you," said the boy.

"Then I must whip you!" the master added.

Harry bore the whipping in silence, though he felt he did not deserve it.

He ought to have answered his teacher's question, but, as he could not do so without telling of his defense of a poor little boy who was being oppressed by two older ones, he bore his whipping in silence. That noble boy was SIR HENRY HAVELOCK!

FOUR SERVANTS OF SATAN.



DEAR young friends,—Satan has a great many servants, and they are very busy, running about doing all the harm they can. I know four of them, and some of the mischief which they have done. I found out their names, and I want to put you on your guard against them, for they are very sly. They will make believe to be your friends. They appear sociable, easy, good-natured, and not too much in a hurry. They seem to wait your own time, and entice you when you least expect it.

"O, we want you to enjoy yourselves," they say, "and not be so particular;" and the arguments they use are very taking; at least, I must think so, since so many of the young listen to them and are led away by them.

And all, I believe, because they did not know, in the first place, who was speaking to them. They were deceived. They did not see it was Satan's uniform they had on. Do you ask for their names? Here they are:—

"*There's no danger.*" That is one.

"*Only this once.*" That is another.

"*Everybody does so,*" is the third; and

"*By-and-by*" is the fourth.

If you are tempted to leave God's house, and break the Sabbath-day to go for a sail or a ride, and "*Only this once,*" or "*Everybody does so,*" whispers at your elbow, know it is false. The great evil of one sin is, that you bring your heart and conscience into such a state that you will be likely to go on sinning; for there is not half so much to stop you as there was to prevent you from setting out at first. Hold no parley with "*Only this once,*" or "*Everybody does so.*" Listen to their dangerous counsels, no, not for a moment.

Are you thinking seriously about the welfare of your soul? Has the Holy Spirit fastened upon your conscience the solemn warnings of a faithful teacher, and brought to mind a tender mother's prayers for your conversion? Does the tear start in your eye, and are you almost persuaded to choose Christ and that better part which cannot be taken from you? That is a moment when "*By-and-by*" hovers near to snatch your confidence, and persuade you to put away serious things. It succeeded with poor Felix when Paul preached to him, and the Roman ruler was "almost persuaded" to become a Christian. "*By-and-by*" whispered in his ear. He put off his soul's salvation to a more convenient season, and it never came.

"*By-and-by*" is a cheat as well as a liar. By putting you off, he means to cheat your soul of heaven. God says *now*: "Now is the accepted time, and the day of salvation." He never asks you to postpone it. He makes no promises and no provisions for "*By-and-by.*"

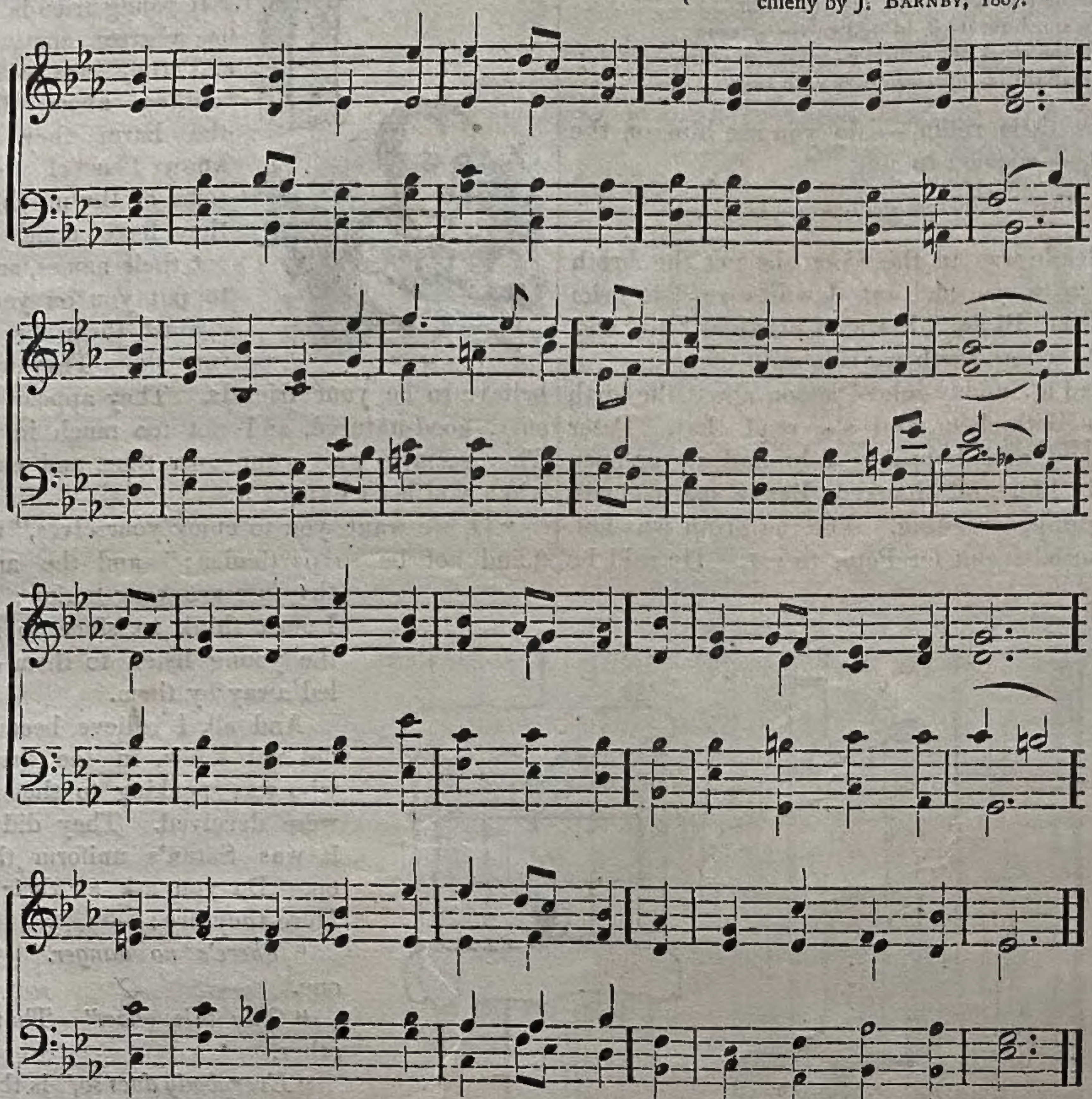
Dear children, be on your guard against these four servants of Satan, in little things as well as in great ones, for their only aim is to harm and ruin you.—*British Messenger.*

There's not a leaf within the bower,
There's not a bird upon the tree,
There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

FLENSBURG.

C. M. Double.

{ Melody by LOUIS SPOHR — Harmonized
chiefly by J. BARNBY, 1867.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

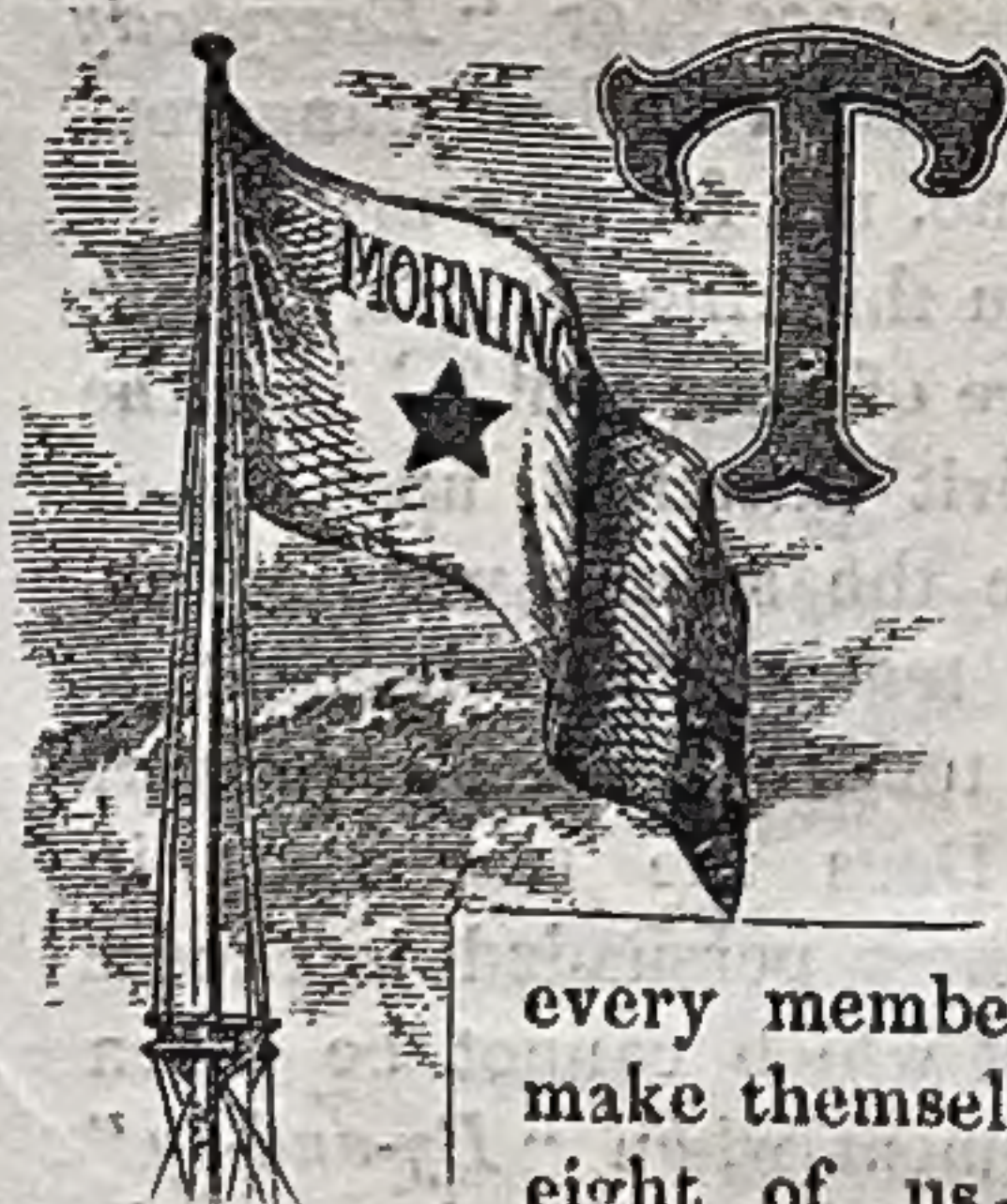
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water! thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. — H. Bonar, 1857.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF.

BY BERTHA AMES.



THIS was not my brother Robert's maxim. If he had work given him to do, his first thought was, Who can I get to do it?

When we were children, it was in the old-fashioned times, when it was expected

every member of the family should make themselves useful. There were

eight of us—four boys and four girls; and some work for the household was given us each to do.

Robert was the brightest, merriest one among us, running over, not only with mischief, but also with good nature. We were all of us ready to do his bidding, and he generally managed to keep us busy, and was so occupied with this that he had little time to do anything himself, or, if he did attempt a piece of work, he kept us waiting on him, so that we might as well have done it ourselves.

If he could not coax one of his brothers to milk for him, he would persuade one of us girls to bring the pail and stool; if it rained, to stand and hold the umbrella over him; or if the cow was inclined to be frisky, we must hold its tail, so that it would not annoy him,—something he would always find for us to do. And not only were we impressed into his service, but at times, all the boys in the village. If, for instance, he had a large quantity of wood to pile, he would stand at the gate, and give one of his peculiar whistles, and soon an army of boys would gather around him, and then he would say,

"Come and help me do this work; then we will have a grand good frolic after." Born to be a general we thought he was, for no sooner was the command given than all hands fell to work, and they never seemed to think it strange that Robert stood still, with his hands in his pockets.

If the interest seemed to flag, he would spur them on by saying, "Come, boys, work while you work, that's the way;" and when the time came for play he was still their leader.

Though he was such a master hand in getting us to do his work, yet we loved him so dearly that we were seldom out of patience with him, and only laughed at his peculiarities. But now that we are all grown up, we see that it would have been better for him if he had borne his own share of duty and responsibility, for his lack of application and industry have sadly blighted his character, which otherwise would have been noble and useful.

He has spent his life expecting others would do and care for him, or idly waiting for something to "turn up"—some royal road to fortune to open before him.

But by sad and bitter experience he has learned that he cannot expect to reap where he has not sown, and that an idle, careless childhood is a poor foundation for a true or successful manhood.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

GIVE examples of the use of parched corn for food.

Where does the Bible refer to the joy of harvest time?

Where is the world compared to a harvest field needing many laborers? What is our duty with reference to it?

Where is the end of the world compared to a harvest? Who are the reapers?

Where do we find directions given for the composition of the holy anointing oil?

On what occasions was it used?

Give examples of its use in consecrating individuals to each of the three offices of prophet, priest, and king.

Where do we read of Jesus as being anointed?

Prove from Scripture that he sustained the three-fold office of prophet, priest, and king.

A CHILD'S TRUST.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

How sweet the thought, whate'er betide,
My Jesus loves me still,
And promises his tender care
To guard his child from ill.
If happy be my earthly lot,
Or sorrow me befall, —
I still can have his friendly aid,
If on his name I call.

When darkness closes me around,
And on my bed I lie,
While one by one the bright stars come
To deck the evening sky,
I gaze upon their soft, pure light,
And joy my bosom swells, —
For up above these starry worlds,
My precious Saviour dwells.

He looks down with a loving glance
Upon his trusting one,
Bidding me fear no earthly harm
Till shines the morning sun;
And when the day breaks full and clear
He watches o'er me still;
Dear Saviour! may I ever strive
To do thy holy will.

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Mrs. Chaplin will contribute for 1872 a story entitled "Good-for-Nothing, and What he was Good for," which will be very interesting and instructive.

Henry Ward Beecher's "Lecture-Room Talks" will be reported during 1872, as heretofore.

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